



8

13

T: *dupl.* *Pam 95* *75⁰⁰ Maryland Pamphlet*
Woman Suffrage—not to be Tolerated although Advocated by the
Republican Candidate for the Vice Presidency.

SPEECH
OF
HON. STEVENSON ARCHER,
OF MARYLAND,
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

MAY 30, 1872.

"Facilis descensus Averni;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est."

WASHINGTON:
F. & J. RIVES & GEO. A. BAILEY,
REPORTERS AND PRINTERS OF THE DEBATES OF CONGRESS.
1872.

Woman Suffrage—not to be tolerated although advocated by the
Republican (candidate for the Vice Presidency).

SPEECH

OF

HON. STEVENSON ARCHER

OF MARYLAND.

Maryland Rare

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

JF

853

.A73

1872

See report of the
Committee on the
Education of the
Deaf and Dumb,
1872.

REPORTERS AND PRINTERS OF THE DEBATES OF CONGRESS.
T. & J. RIVERS & CO. WASHINGTON.
1872

Woman Suffrage.

Mr. ARCHER. Mr. Speaker, the introduction of Senate bill No. 499 by the honorable Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. WILSON] to give to women the right to vote and hold office in the Territories induces me to address the House upon that subject.

Sir, who but a veritable fanatic could have believed, ten years ago, that the question, "Shall women be allowed to vote?" would so soon come to be considered throughout the greater portion of our country as one to be seriously entertained, gravely pondered on, and nicely decided, by the various political assemblies, law-making bodies, and judicial tribunals of the land? There is probably not one gentleman in either branch of this our national Legislature—nay, of any Legislature in the whole country, North or South, who would not at that time, ten brief years ago, have laughed to scorn the proposition of woman suffrage; or, rather, he would have felt with regard to it like the big man who used to let his little wife whip him every day, because she liked the sport and it did not hurt him, as he explained to a friend who chanced to step in on the happy pair during the height of one of these daily castigations.

But this socio-political aspect of affairs has long since ceased to be merely funny. It has become so serious, indeed, that all who are at heart opposed to the success of the new movement must leave off regarding these innovators as mere petticoated harlequins, who, with cap and bells, and clownish grimace, once made us hold our sides with pain of laughing. A monstrous army is now coming down upon us—a hundred thousand "whirlwinds in petticoats"—which we must meet firmly, or be overwhelmed by the storm. The little wife has attained to such size and strength that her blows now make the big man wince; the wee finger-nails have grown to talons, and

tear now where they only tickled before; and if the big, good-natured fellow does not look well to the guard, he will be throttled, stretched on his back, and brought to such terms as he dreamed not of a short while ago.

But let us see what positive proof there is that this agitation is really getting formidable enough to demand serious attention.

In Maine, one branch of the legislative body has already passed a law making female citizens electors for President and Vice President of the United States, and at last accounts the other branch was debating the question. In Utah, the convention to form a new State constitution have incorporated woman suffrage in that instrument. In Iowa, last year, the two houses concurred in an amendment to the State constitution striking out the word "male." If this action is repeated by the present Legislature—and the lower house has already done its part, and it is thought the senate will concur—woman suffrage will be submitted to the voters of Iowa next fall. In the lower house of the Pennsylvania Legislature, only a few weeks since, a bill to allow women seats in the convention for revising the State constitution barely failed by a vote of 38 to 31. In the Massachusetts Legislature there was lately a tie vote on woman suffrage; and only a few days ago a legislative committee of the same State reported in favor of so amending the State constitution as to allow women the right to vote and hold office, and had it not been for the extraordinary efforts of the over-zealous chaplain, who put up an ill-timed prayer that it might please the Almighty to procure the passage of the measure by softening the hard hearts of men, it would most probably have been passed; but that innovation upon the method of engineering an enactment through alarmed enough old fogies and sticklers for parliamentary usage to cause

its defeat by a vote of about 130 to 70. But Wyoming is ahead of them all. There women have been allowed by law to vote, hold office, sit on juries, &c. Of course many of the strong-minded were at hand (for, indeed, where are they not nowadays?) ready to avail themselves of the enactment. So women have voted, held office, and sat on juries. The monstrous thing has actually been done!

From Cape Cod, then, to the Rocky mountains the work goes bravely on. But these successes and these "glorious defeats," if we may judge from certain other indications, are as nothing compared to what will soon be achieved. The successes will be upon us without the defeats, if the movement be not resolutely met. These women, in the matter of getting what they call their "rights," show on all occasions an earnestness worthy of a better cause. They could not be more in earnest if each one were certain of a place in President Victoria Woodhull's cabinet on the 4th day of March, 1873. Mrs. Stanton, one of their most prominent leaders, says:

"Let religion, philanthropy, charity, art, science literature, center on woman's enfranchisement. Let the churches go without lamps, pastors without donations, the heathen without tracts, men without buttons, and children without bibs. We have worked six thousand years to lift men up into gods. Now let us lift ourselves up and learn good and evil, or, what is better, the difference between them."

Each one of these women, moreover, can talk and write as much as any ten of the so-called sterner sex. The consequence of all this energetic earnestness is that their meetings are frequent all over the land, and their journals are met with turn which way you will. The vast capacity of the Academy of Music in New York city was not sufficient to accommodate half of those who, in February last, flocked to hear Mrs. Woodhull's lecture on "the revolution of the period." Long before the hour announced, according to the city papers, throngs pressed against the closed doors, and when at length the doors were opened there was such a rush that persons of both sexes were lifted off their feet and carried along in the eager press made to secure seats; and when these were all occupied, the aisles were packed with human beings like herrings in a barrel—many of them gasping for breath, screaming, and fainting, yet still pushing forward in their eagerness to see and hear. Hundreds could not get in at all, and went off disappointed. Such is the picture drawn by journals which, so far from magnifying the woman suffrage movement, endeavor to belittle it on all occasions. So we may well believe the picture not exaggerated. This city, too, has lately suffered several inflictions of the kind, and it will be, no doubt, a frequently recurring infliction until the question which lies at the bottom of it shall be adversely decided. God grant that the insane

movement may then stop, though there is but little chance for that until the present generation of women, in whom the ferment has been set to work, shall have passed away.

Inasmuch as agitations in England have had of late a marked effect upon those in this country, and *vice versa*, it may be well to state just here in a few words, as germane to this part of the subject, what is transpiring in England in the matter of woman's rights. There are upward of twenty woman suffrage associations in full blast in that country, number among their members many lords and high-born ladies. Last year one hundred and eighty-seven thousand persons petitioned Parliament in favor of the measure, and two hundred and two members of that body it is known will vote for its passage. Parliament has already enacted that women may vote in municipal affairs, and vote for and sit on school-boards, which is in fact one half the victory already gained. So that it will be seen that in the great race thus far the English and American marms are about "nip and tuck," and the track ahead clearing for both. The proceedings of these associations and conventions can no longer, as has been the custom both here and in England, be published under the head of "amusements." The thing has long since got to be too serious for that. Nor would it be advisable now, as it might have been a few years ago, to turn these revolutionists over to the ducking-stool as common scolds; nay, considering their nature, no less than their numbers, it would hardly be safe, unless backed by an army of no small dimensions.

Now, what is the cause, or what are the causes, of this unprecedented growth of the Women's Rights party? How has this mere speck on the political horizon gathered, within the last decade of years, into an ominous cloud, threatening tempest and devastation, as I propose to show, to our social and political fabric alike?

The secret is to be found chiefly in certain erroneous principles which demagogues, for the purpose of serving party ends, succeeded in instilling into a large majority of the northern people throughout the war and during the various embittered political contests that have taken place since. Inasmuch as it has been decided that negroes, who before the war were not so much as acknowledged to be citizens, even in the northern States, are entitled to vote and hold office, ay, though fresh from their chains, with all their ignorance and debasement dense and dark upon them, how can the same enfranchisement be consistently withheld from intelligent and educated women who have always been considered citizens, and who are infinitely above the groveling freedmen in everything that guarantees a judicious exercise of the franchise demanded, and who, moreover, strove as unceasingly in the hos-

pitals and elsewhere to secure the triumph of those very principles? The very great probability that they made these heroic "loyal" efforts for the selfish purpose of bringing up their own claims to the same rights as soon as the bloody struggle should cease, while it tends to complicate the matter, affords no satisfactory answer to the present clamor for those rights.

It is difficult to conceive, even if we confine our conceptions to the human race, what limitation is to be placed upon the downward advance of this question. So long as the right to vote was confined to the white race, there was a rational and definite barrier, beyond which none other could hope to pass, nor indeed would have thought seriously of making the attempt to pass, had they not been dragged into the arena by those who wanted their aid for partisan purposes. That barrier, however, once broken down by admitting, or rather by forcing the negro to vote, this barrier once broken down, women can no longer be consistently excluded. And if women be now admitted, who shall say, and preserve consistency, that any particular number of years of age shall constitute the limit? If an ignorant negro of twenty-one may vote, why may not a full-blooded Caucasian of twenty? Then, why should not nineteen have the right; then eighteen, in fact, the whole family of "teens," negroes and negresses, as well as the whites of both sexes? Then why should not the little child's clamors for suffrage be heard, the pickaninny as well as the Caucasian? Surely they know as much about the Constitution as their great-grandfathers do. Is second childhood any more intelligent than first childhood? In brief, when and where is the infernal thing to stop? I say "infernal" advisedly, for I verily believe that this whole brood of ruinous principles was hatched in the bottomless pit.

For the sake, then, of consistency—for error no less than truth must preserve its consistency if it wishes to perpetuate itself—these principles must be still upheld. It would never do to repudiate them, at least during the present generation. Leave that to posterity, if it must be done at all. What! after spending four or five thousand millions of money and sacrificing half a million men to establish the right of the most ignorant and degraded race on the face of the earth to all the privileges of the most gifted and intelligent, after that to turn about as coolly as though not a cent had been expended and not a life lost and own that it would have been better for the country had "the man and brother" never been invested with those rights at all? Never! Rather than that, let negroes vote; let the "heathen Chinese" vote; let Comanches and Diggers vote; let Hot-tentots and Bushmen vote, if fate ever brings them to our shores; indeed, let everything

vote, provided it has the human form and no tail, or at most so short a one as to prove that in each particular case Darwin's alleged transformation from the monkey has at least begun. Let all such vote and hold office, for we are fully committed to the principle on which the right is based. We cannot back down now, ruinous as it is going to be to the country and to civilization throughout the world. Nay, even let women vote, though by so doing we wreck the social and, as a necessary consequence, the political and religious institutions of the nation, and all go down to perdition together.

The Radical party during the war found it easy enough to raise the devil, but now the war is over he will not down maugre all they can do. And the fact that he now stalks over the field of recent victory in petticoat, with cut-a-way jacket and flashy necktie, makes him none the easier to lay.

Such is one of the reasons why the woman's rights movement has gained such a sudden and marvelous impetus. Another reason is, that the demagogues of the country, who are always on the look-out for the main chance, as soon as they saw that the movement was rapidly gaining strength from the cause above explained, became alarmed lest the strong faction should grow into a party formidable enough to hold at some future day the balance of power; and lest they, the said demagogues, should be found opposing it in that day of its triumph, when wo betide them and all their schemes for the advancement of number one! Whether or not the present proprietors of Webster's famous dictionary are demagogues I do not know; but there are certainly strong reasons for suspecting it. In that work the word "preposterous" is thus defined: "contrary to nature and reason; not adapted to the end; utterly and glaringly foolish; unreasonably absurd; perverted; wrong." Now, while these definitions are precisely the same in the latest edition as they were in the older editions of the work, the latter gave the following example by way of illustration: "a government conducted by women would be preposterous." Where is that wholesome "example" now which was doubtless placed there by the great lexicographer—not as a quotation, but in his own words—for the express purpose of transmitting to remote posterity his honest opinion of the enfranchisement of women? "Contrary to nature and reason; utterly and glaringly foolish; unreasonably absurd." What has become of that withering rebuke of gynocracy? Shade of the mighty! it has fled from your immortal pages before the frown of indignant woman.

I think it was De Tocqueville who foretold that innovations touching the extension of suffrage would always succeed in this country by reason of the timidity of professional poli-

ticians. An ultra democratic government tends to make time-servers of all such. A demagogue's constant query—though no one can hide it at times better than he behind the mask of patriotism—would seem to be not "What can I do for my country or my friends?" but "What can I do for myself?" In other words, "What will be the most popular course to pursue, be it right or wrong?" The consequence is, as soon as a party begins to loom up in his particular State or section in such dimensions as to indicate a possibility of success, he forthwith withdraws all opposition he may have made and passively awaits events. Nor does he wait long. Just so soon as he feels pretty well assured the innovators are to be triumphant he hastens so to demean himself before them and so shape his policy as to secure their approbation, and if possible their support; and this he will often do even by repudiating, should it be necessary, every principle which for years he has professed to hold, and has avowed perhaps a thousand times to his constituents.

Now, will the people—not the demagogues, we have seen what they will do, but the people who compose the mass of the now predominant party—after having indirectly and unintentionally fostered the woman suffrage movement into a formidable faction by supplying it with the false principles above set forth, on which it mainly thrives—will the people of that party have the moral courage to oppose the movement? I doubt it much; for, though by such opposition they would save the country any further danger from the operation of those pernicious principles, they would, at the same time, lay themselves open to a charge of inconsistency so serious that it might weaken their party, and late events have proved the melancholy fact that when the choice is between patriotism and party, the choice redounds but little to the country's honor or advantage.

Again, will the leaders and controllers of the predominant party, even such as are not demagogues, those who shape its course and hold its destinies in their hands, will these leaders, looking to the possibility of the woman's rights faction holding at some not distant day the balance of power, be willing so to act as inevitably to incur their enmity? Both these are questions which it is difficult to answer, yet on which I think the future welfare of this country in a great measure depends. For if women are to enter the political arena on an equality with men, it will be, in my humble opinion, the first step toward the ruin, not only of the country, but of society and of Christianity as well.

The favorite argument of women for their enfranchisement—for argument they persist in calling it, though it is no argument at all, but a mere hypothesis—is that if they be allowed

to have a voice in public affairs "the political atmosphere will be soon purified of those corruptions" that are now a stench in the nostrils of the nation, and all will be lovely. This, in fact, seems to be the foundation on which they mainly rest the justice of their cause and their hopes of success. It has been repeated so often in their conventions and their journals that it has come to be regarded, in many quarters even outside of Amazonia, as an unassailable truism. It is very important to my present purpose, therefore, that the fallacy should be exposed, and I shall venture to do so at considerable length. In the first place, I shall endeavor to ascertain how the admission of women to a participation in public affairs is likely to work in the future by examining how it has worked in the past. For this purpose I will cite some events first from the history of the pagan world, and afterward a few which have occurred since the Christian era.

It must be kept constantly in mind that in the olden time women could exert no influence whatever in public affairs by virtue of any laws in their favor. They were, by tacit though universal consent, excluded from participating in any matters pertaining to government so far as any right to do so was concerned. No one ever thought for a moment of allowing them to act openly in the political arena. And whenever we find any woman directing affairs, as we sometimes do, we may be sure that she acted wholly by sufferance, and not by any legal right which she possessed, except, indeed, in very rare instances, where a woman succeeded to a throne as the only surviving heir. The fact is, the enfranchisement of women, so far as I can learn, was never seriously proposed until the present day in any age or country. The thing is wholly unprecedented, even on a small scale. And here is the great danger. It is proposed to try on millions at once an experiment which has never been tested on hundreds. It seems to me that the mere proposition bears on its face enough of madness to keep going for a hundred years all the bed-lams in the country.

In Egypt and Persia, the two most civilized monarchies of the remote period of which I shall speak, the king's will was the only law. He had absolute control of every person and of all property. But, although possessing this unlimited power, we find some of these kings, sometimes from indolence, but oftener from favoritism, willing to intrust those about the throne, both in and out of their immediate families, with powers and prerogatives which varied in importance as well as in duration, according to the caprice of the sovereign. Sometimes these vicarious powers would be well-nigh absolute while they lasted; then again they would be comparatively trivial. Sometimes the trust would be reposed for years; at other times it would be withdrawn

in as many days, or even hours. Now, here was a most favorable state of things for the women about the court to distinguish themselves in directing public affairs, provided their aspirations ran in that hazardous line. And we sometimes see, as I shall presently show, the wife or daughters of a king governing the realm with sway well-nigh unlimited, the throne and this power behind the throne being, to all intents and purposes, merged into one.

In order to give full force to the facts which I shall produce, it must be borne in mind that these women were by no means the ordinary women of that age; they were the very best in the land; mostly, in fact, the daughters of neighboring kings, princesses, or at the very worst, they were the daughters of great generals, or of the proud satraps appointed by the king to rule over his distant provinces. In addition to beauty of person and such graces as only courts can give, they were endowed mentally, and moreover accomplished. They were, in short, the ancient *elite*. Now, in the history of many reigns, in but comparatively few of them did women make, or, so far as we can know, attempt to make any figure at all. We will, however, glance over the career of some half dozen of women who are conspicuous on the historic page. As it will be impossible to do them all justice, I have selected such as I think will fairly represent the others, such as were neither better nor worse than they.

I will repeat here the sweeping claim so often and so confidently urged by all advocates of the new movement, which claim it is my purpose to refute, namely, "That women if allowed to share in the direction of political affairs will soon, by their superior moral nature and the purifying influence of their presence in that great field of intrigue, purge politics of every vestige of corruption." I would here state, too, that I have by no means ransacked ancient history with the view of collecting all the cases tending to corroborate the position I have taken. So far from this I have looked into but one work—Rollin's Ancient History, where is given in copious foot-notes authority for every fact embodied in the work.

Queen Amestris, wife of Xerxes, being jealous of the court influence of a certain beautiful princess of excellent character, caused her breast, tongue, nose, ears, and lips to be cut off, and cast them to the dogs before her face, that she might see them eaten up, and in this mutilated state sent her home to her husband. Thus did she "purify" Xerxes's court. This queen was guilty of many acts equally revolting, all of which favored her ambitious aspirations.

Next comes Parysatis, mother of Artaxerxes II. She began to "purge" the kingdom of impurities by instigating Cyrus, her younger

son, to assassinate Artaxerxes. The conspiracy failed, and Cyrus was banished. At her instance, however, he returned with a large army. The two brothers met in battle. Cyrus was slain, and all who were "in at the death" she resolved to "purify." On one she inflicted the most horrible tortures for ten days, and then ordered the "purification" to be finished by tearing out his eyes and pouring melted brass into his ears. Another she subjected to the "punishment of the troughs," as it was called, perhaps the most cruel torture ever invented. After lingering in torment for seventeen days, he expired in the greatest agony. A third lived to contaminate the air a little longer; but by the exercise of just cunning she at last got hold of him, and straightway began to "purify" by ordering him to be flayed alive. She then had him placed in a position favorable for witnessing the next interesting proceedings, which consisted in stretching his skin upon stakes, that he might, once during his life, have a good survey of his exterior without the aid of a looking-glass.

The atmosphere of Persia seems not to have needed any further "purification" for some time, when this same precious "purifying" angel, Parysatis, with her country's good ever at her heart and entirely forgetting self, again stepped forward and offered her invaluable services. Statira, the queen, and her family were acquiring at court an influence entirely disproportioned to her own; so she wished to correct this unhealthy state of things. After succeeding by treachery in getting into her hands all the queen's brothers and sisters, she caused one of the latter, a beautiful and innocent princess, to be sawn in two, and then all the rest to be put to death. Statira, in revenge, had the tongue torn out of one of those who helped to perform this "purification," as an offset to which Parysatis poisoned Statira's nephew. And here the matter rested for awhile.

In all these patriotic and public-spirited acts Parysatis seems to have been merely "trying her 'prentice han'"; that she might execute with the deftness of a master workman the crowning act of her life. It was still too evident that Statira's influence with the king was greater than her own, and as this state of things called loudly for "purification" she feigned reconciliation with the queen, and one day invited her to dinner with her in her own apartments. She noticed, however, that her guest cautiously confined herself to those dishes from which the hostess ate. After awhile Parysatis cut into two parts a small bird of exquisite flavor, and giving one part to her daughter-in-law, ate the other herself. No sooner had the queen eaten her portion than she was seized with sharp pains, and quitting the table, died in the most horrible convulsions. The king forthwith set the tor-

ture to work in such an energetic fashion among Parysitis's attendants and confidants that one of them confessed that the knife used in cutting the bird in two had been rubbed on one side with a most deadly poison. Artaxerxes inflicted upon his gentle mother the dreadful punishment of sending her off to Babylon. Corrupt prince! he could not bear that the realm should be still further "purified."

There was at King Ochus's court an individual named Bagoas, who was guilty of many acts similar to those already recited. But I am really at a loss to know to what sex he, she, or it belonged. In fact, Bagoas was one of those unfortunate beings, at that time and still very common in the East, who have become unsexed. From having once been a man Bagoas was no longer a man; just as some beings of our own day have been women, but unsexed themselves, and are no longer women, properly so called. Bagoas was, in short, a eunuch; and the puzzling question arises instinctively in our minds, just as it does when we see one of those unsexed non-descripts of the present day, whether this is a man or a woman, or whether it is part man and part woman, or whether it is neither? Indeed the word "bogus," which is set down in the dictionaries as an Americanism, may be of very ancient origin; it may be derived from this very Bagoas. "Bogus" means "not genuine;" and certainly this individual was not a "genuine" man. Was it a "genuine" woman? The whole question seems so befogged that I will omit Bagoas's acts altogether, and escape from the fog by passing over to Greece.

It must be recollected that while the republican form of government prevailed in the several States of Greece, in other words, while the Greeks were in the height of their greatness and glory, there were no courts at which favorites could figure and influence political affairs; and as women were rigidly excluded from all participation in proceedings of a public character in the republican portion of that country, they were unable, with the rare exception of the mistress of some great general, to make themselves sufficiently conspicuous in political matters to be handed down in history.

The court of King Philip of Macedon, however, presented a very marked instance of the political intrigues and machinations of a woman. Olympias, Philip's queen, was a very thunderbolt of "purification" in the atmosphere where she moved. She was, in fact, one of the most consummate politicians that ever lived. She kept Philip's court and kingdom in such a continuous ferment of dissensions that this, together with her "free-love" notions and practices, caused him to divorce her and marry another wife. This so enraged her that she "purified" the whole kingdom by

causing him to be assassinated, for which she was banished. After the death of her son, Alexander the Great, she returned to Macedon, and found that the air had become so corrupt during her absence that it needed further "purification." She accordingly poisoned Ardæus, the son of Philip, and lawful heir to the throne, adjusting the strength of the "purifying" dose so delicately, however, as not to produce death, but only a hopeless imbecility, so that a regency would be necessary. Then by artful intrigues she succeeded in securing the regency for herself. The complete success of this plot so emboldened her that she ventured to put the demented king to death. She then sent his queen, Eurydice, a dagger, a cord, and a bowl of poison, with the generous and delicate message that she might take her choice. Eurydice chose the cord. She next put to death one hundred of the principal friends of Cassander, a powerful prince, who was corrupt enough to set about putting a stop to these "purifications." He took the field with vengeance in his train, defeated Olympias, captured her, and let loose upon her, like so many bloodhounds, the relatives of all those she had murdered, and, as their name was legion, they made short work of this daughter, sister, wife, and mother of kings.

It was a custom with kings in those days to marry more than one wife. Alexander the Great left two widows, Statera and Roxana. The latter practiced "purification" by poisoning the other that she might get all the power into her own hands.

Laodice, wife of Antiochus II, king of Persia, established woman's rights in her own person by poisoning her husband and mounting the throne, and after this preparatory "purification" "purified" things generally by murdering the king's other widow and all her friends and attendants in the most inhuman manner.

Cleopatra, wife of Demetrius, king of Syria, betrayed her husband to his enemies, who she well knew would put him to death; and when her son, the lawful heir, attempted to ascend the throne she killed him with her own hand by plunging a dagger into his heart. She then set up Grypus, her other son, a mere boy, and for awhile had everything her own way. When Grypus, being arrived at manhood, endeavored to get control of affairs she prepared a cool draught and offered it to him one day when returning heated from the chase. Suspecting foul play, he forced her to drain it herself, whereupon she died almost immediately. This was genuine purification, but it was a man who performed it.

Next comes another Cleopatra, of Egypt, who is described as such a monster of a woman that she spared neither her mother, her son, nor her daughter, but sacrificed everything to the ambition of reigning and "purifying."

Next in order is Laodice, wife of Ariarthes, king of Cappadocia. On his death she became regent during the minority of her six sons by him. In order to establish firmly woman's rights—and like all advocates of that movement, never once thinking of self, yet never once forgetting "purification"—she put to death five of the six, when the people rose in their unrighteous indignation and reestablished "corruption" by slaying her.

The last female politician among the ancients to whom I shall refer is the famous Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, the less hideous features of whose life are known to nearly all the reading world. But this royal syren was guilty of countless infamies which have been, for the most part, kept in the background. With all her external charms, there constantly lay a fiend at her heart, mostly slumbering, often torpid, and at times apparently dead—the insatiable fiend of policy—ever ready to start up at her bidding, and, at whatever cost, sweep every obstacle from her path of ambition, scrupling not to call to aid hypocrisy, murder, and the blackest treachery. She was a politician, as well as a "free lover," from the heart out. She began in the seventeenth year of her age by trading off her virtue to Julius Cæsar for the crown of Egypt. After Cæsar's death she offered herself to the embraces of Mark Anthony for seven provinces of the Roman empire, and so deeply was he smitten that he scrupled not to comply with her terms. She continued her favors with the express stipulation that he would put to death her sister Arsinoë, who she feared might some day obstruct her ambitious way. No sooner, however, did she find that Augustus was likely to triumph in the civil war than raging for the throne of the empire, than she resolved to betray Antony to his competitor. Still pretending to be Antony's ally, she ordered her general, Seleucus, to give up to Augustus an all-important town, and then, to clear herself of treason to the indignant army and people, she placed Seleucus's wife and children in Antony's hands, that he might put them to death. And when the final battle was about to be joined she ordered her admiral to strike his flag to Augustus without resistance, and not until now, when too late, were the love-blind Antony's eyes opened to her perfidy.

She next tried to buy from the now triumphant Augustus the throne of Egypt, at the same price she had paid Julius Cæsar for it some twenty years before, with her several previous acts of treachery to Antony thrown in. By that time, however, too many charms had perished from her person to enable her to purchase thrones. Seeing that this, her last card, was not high enough to win the great game she played for, she next set herself about learning what poisons would produce the easiest death; and it must be owned that

she pursued these interesting investigations with a delicacy of feeling quite in harmony with her previous career of "purification." She caused a great variety of poisonous potions to be mixed, and, every day, ordered criminals who were under sentence of death to be brought before her and dosed, that she might witness the diverse effects produced. After a long series of agonizing experiments, day after day, which could not have been very entertaining, one would suppose, to anybody but a woman who had lived within the political arena, she chose the poison of the asp; and, as is well known to the world, died by the bite of one as soon as she learned she was to march through Rome behind Augustus's triumphal car along with other royal captives.

As I have before stated, the women of Greece were not allowed to appear in any kind of public gathering or to take any share whatever in government; and as there were no courts in the various republics composing that country, the women remained at home—whether willingly or not we do not learn—and attended solely to domestic affairs. The same was true of the women of Rome for the first seven hundred years of her existence. No sooner, however, was the empire established than women began to figure at court and participate in political intrigue. I shall not tarry to depict what manner of women they were. Their innumerable infamies, made up of murder, incest, adultery, and all abominations, committed almost universally with the view of advancing their own power and importance in the State, are too hideously well-known to all intelligent moderns to require that I should portray them, even were I equal to the disgusting task.

I do not intend to maintain that the public men of ancient times, whether of Rome, or of Persia, or of Egypt, or of Greece, (when Greece had kings and courts,) were any better than the public women. But when we consider the wickedness of the comparatively small number of women who are mentioned in history as aspiring to the direction of affairs, I have not the least hesitation in asserting that the men, if no better, were certainly no worse, and this for the simple reason that they could not possibly have been worse. A fiend just out of the bottomless pit, with all the latest improvements in diabolism at his finger ends, could not have advanced those women a single step in their infernal art.

I have thus given a few examples of the career of public women of old. Nor have I selected the worst for effect. I could give many more not a whit less revolting. Now, in the face of all this, is it at all likely that the presence of women on the stage of ancient politics tended to "purify the political atmosphere?" It may be asked if the above are fair specimens of all the women of the olden time. By

no means; they are fair specimens of public women only. There were, thank Heaven, millions of women—history names many of them, and does them all honor—just as there are now, who stayed at home and attended to their proper duties, the angels of the household, the trainers of the children who were to compose the future generation, the soothers and consolers of the men who toiled and fought for them. Such women, on the other hand, as made themselves conspicuous in public affairs were either those who had always been half unsexed from their birth—a condition which would naturally prompt them to enter the arena of political strife—or such as were true women at first, but having been drawn into the boisterous vortex by uncontrollable events, were soon corrupted and ruined both soul and body.

But those ancient women, it will be answered, whose examples I have cited were pagans; they had not the inestimable advantages of Christianity. I need not reply to this just here further than to say that women when they keep within their proper sphere are always morally far superior to men, whatever may be the prevailing religion. And that the public women of those ancient days were at all superior to the men is certainly not borne out by the evidence just given.

But, not to leave in doubt the important question whether or not the religion of the cross fits women for “purifying the political atmosphere,” I will go on to cite a few acts of public women who have had all the advantage of the Christian dispensation. Nor will I select for this purpose such as would supply the strongest proof of my position. I will omit entirely the long catalogue of infamous public women who for centuries cursed Spain, Italy, and other countries of Europe with such exhibitions of depravity as even at this distant day make the blood of the reader curdle with horror. I shall instance those only of France and England, at a time, too, when Christianity, had been a thousand years within their borders and had shed its benign influence into almost every home and upon well-nigh every heart. I select them because they are the two countries with which, of all the world, we feel the closest connection—with the one by ties of blood, with the other by the precious associations of patriotism. They are, moreover, countries which were at the time of which I shall speak far ahead of all others in politeness, enlightenment, and scientific advancement, and last, though not least, in humanity of feeling. Nor will I avail myself of such works as give the darkest pictures of the events to be treated of here, but will confine my remarks entirely to the work which chanced to come first to hand, Russell’s *History of Modern Europe*. Though we may not expect to sup quite so full of horrors here as in ancient

history, we shall find ample proof that women are altogether unfit to “purify the foul air of politics,” nay, that they but pollute themselves by the contact.

Isabella, wife of Edward II of England, was sent by her husband to France to make a treaty with her brother, King Charles. There she met with a good-looking Welshman named Mortimer, exiled for treason against her “lord and master.” He so far gained on her that after “free loving” with him in a very scandalous fashion she joined him in a conspiracy against Edward. To be brief, they landed in England, Edward was captured, and after being kept for some time in a horrible prison, the adulterous pair meanwhile occupying the throne, he was by their order put to death in a manner too atrocious and revolting to admit of description here.

Queen Joan, daughter of Robert of Anjou, caused her husband to be strangled that she might enjoy supreme control, and then married the man whom she had instigated to do the deed.

“Bloody Mary,” as is well known, employed fire mainly for extending her power and “purifying” her realm. Religion, to be sure, had something to do with her policy, but, after all said and done, unhallowed ambition was the chief incentive. Persons of all ages and conditions and of both sexes were committed to the flames. During her short reign of five years nearly three hundred prominent citizens of England were brought to the stake. And what was infinitely worse, a so-called Christian woman and queen kindled and kept alive the fires that made the air of England rank with the infernal roast!

Next in order is Mary of Guise, queen-regent of Scotland, whose favorite maxim was, “The promises of princes ought not to be too carefully remembered, nor the performance of them exacted unless it suits their convenience.” This maxim she invariably followed. It is certainly a good one on which to base “purification.”

The famous Mary, Queen of Scots, wife of Lord Darnley, after living in adultery for awhile with the Earl of Bothwell, resolved to marry him. Accordingly, she poisoned her lawful husband, but he lingered, and lest he should recover, she placed him in a building separate from her palace, and caused him to be blown off with gunpowder. While held in captivity by Elizabeth, she entered into a conspiracy, not only against that queen, but against her own son James, and against the English to which she was heir. By this conspiracy the throne of England was to be transferred to the king of Spain. James was to be seized and delivered into the hands of the Pope, or of the Spanish king, never to be liberated until he should change his religion. For this conspiracy he was tried and brought to the

block, though at the time there was not sufficient evidence for her legal conviction. After her death, however, abundant evidence of her guilt was brought to light.

On the death of Francis II, king of France, his mother, Catharine of Medicis, was appointed guardian to his successor, her son, Charles IX, then only ten years of age, and was invested with the administration of the realm. The reign of this prince was by no means a long one, and yet during that time more atrocities and treacheries of various kinds were committed by royal authority than during the reign of any other European sovereign. It is universally conceded that Catharine, his mother, had far more to do with the concoction and perpetration of these infamous acts than the young king himself, bad as he was; and that she trained him from the very cradle for her base and wicked purposes. It is needless to enter into the details of this bad woman's life. She was a hideous compound of hypocrisy, treachery, and truculence, daily putting these revolting traits into practice in private transactions no less than in public affairs. Says the historian:

"At this time sensuality prevailed at the French court, and Catharine encouraged it, and employed it as the engine for perfecting her system of Machiavelian policy. By the attractions of her fair attendants she governed the leaders of the Huguenot faction, or by their insidious caresses obtained the secrets of her enemies, in order to work their ruin, to bring them before a venal tribunal, or to take them off by the more dark and common instruments of her ambition, poison and the stiletto. Murders were hatched in the arms of love, and massacre planned in the cabinet of pleasure." * * * "In the year 1564 the queen-mother, accompanied by her son, now in his sixteenth year, went to meet the queen of Spain at Bayonne. Gayety, festivity, love, and joy seemed to be the sole occupation of both courts; but under these smiling appearances was hatched a scheme the most bloody and the most destructive to the repose of mankind that had ever been suggested by superstition to the human heart. Nothing less was resolved upon and concocted than the extermination of the Huguenots in France, the Protestants in the Low Countries, and the extinction of the reformed opinions throughout Europe."

Now, although "superstition," as the historian calls it, was the grand lever by which the masses of the people were to be moved to do this horrible thing, there is no doubt that lust of power was the chief motive influencing the concoctors of the hellish plot. In other words, it was a great political movement for the extension of their own individual rule. And who were the concoctors? Two Christian women and a stripling of sixteen. And this being the case, right readily may we surmise to whom the honor and the glory of the plot were due. The triumphant execution of that plot was the fit crowning act of such a career as that of Catharine of Medicis. Says the historian again:

"There is nothing parallel in the annals of mankind to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, either for the dissimulation that laid the plot, or the deliberate cruelty and barbarity with which it was perpe-

trated. Five hundred gentlemen and men of rank and ten thousand of inferior condition were murdered in Paris alone, and about sixty thousand in different parts of France. No popish writer of the present day mentions this massacre without detestation. In England it excited indescribable horror; the ladies and courtiers of Queen Elizabeth clad themselves in deep mourning, and silence reigned, as in the dead of night, throughout the royal apartments."

Next we come to "glorious Queen Bess." To every reader who can for a moment forget the powerful ruler to contemplate the woman, it will appear that the three great banes of Elizabeth's life, were love of power, personal vanity, and jealousy—particularly her jealousy of her neighbor and kinswoman, Mary, Queen of Scots, whose beauty, learning, and general attractiveness of person, so far superior to her own, she unceasingly envied for twenty-five years, during the whole of which period she watched, annoyed, and persecuted her rival with an artful cunning worthy, perhaps, of a Comanche squaw, but in a Christian queen of England utterly detestable. Having frequently declared her own intention of living and dying a "virgin queen"—so frequently, indeed, as to lead many to suspect her virtue altogether—she made it a point to thwart all of Mary's matrimonial arrangements, from motives of jealousy or from policy, and sometimes from both. She artfully incited in Scotland such intestine commotions and discords as long distracted and weakened her rival's government. But when those who, at her instigation, had risen in conspiracy against Mary were defeated and driven out of Scotland, as soon as she found they had failed, she not only refused them an audience, but treated them in the most perfidious manner.

She was so deeply smitten with jealousy on hearing of the birth of Mary's son that she sank at once into a deep melancholy, and wept bitterly at the very palpable advantage which this event gave her rival. As regards the means used by Elizabeth to get the Queen of Scots into her power, suffice it to say that for artful dissimulation, persistent perfidy, and unscrupulous conduct throughout, it is a very model for the aspiring student in hypocrisy. Mary's subsequent trial was, at Elizabeth's instigation, conducted in an illegal manner, and she was condemned and executed on evidence wholly insufficient.

The sequel to this affair was in itself enough to have brought odium on the memory of Elizabeth. I will quote the historian:

"Elizabeth, when informed of Mary's execution, affected the utmost surprise and concern. Sighs, tears, lamentations, and weeds of mourning were all employed to display the greatness of her sorrow. She even undertook to make the world believe that the Queen of Scots, her dear sister and kinswoman, had been put to death without her knowledge and contrary to her inclination; and to complete this farce she ordered her secretary to be thrown into prison under pretense that he had exceeded his commission in dispatching the fatal warrant, which, although she had signed, she never

meant, she said, to carry into execution. This hypocritical disguise was assumed chiefly to appease the young king of Scotland, who seemed determined to employ the whole force of his dominions in order to avenge his mother's death."

Elizabeth's malignity now settled upon Mary's son, although he was a peaceable and unambitious prince. She refused to aid him against their common enemy, the king of Spain. She kept up a chronic discord in his kingdom by bribing his ministers and fomenting discontent among his subjects, and was at the bottom of a conspiracy with a powerful Scotch nobleman for seizing his person, whether or not with the view of taking his life is still in doubt. Historians all agree that some of the unfortunate, most unpopular, and arbitrary measures of Charles I., which finally brought him to the block at the hands of an indignant people, were chargeable to Henrietta, his queen, who exercised over him unbounded influence. In other words, he lost not only his kingdom, but his life, by her interference in political affairs.

Next comes Queen Anne. The historian, after admitting her virtues, goes on to say:

"As a sovereign, notwithstanding the illustrious events of her reign, she is entitled to little praise. A prey to the most enslaving timidity, and continually governed by favorites, she can hardly be said to have even thought for herself, or to have acted according to her inclinations. But as her popularity concealed the weakness of her personal authority, the great abilities of her principal servants, to whom she owed that popularity, threw a splendid veil over the public qualities of Queen Anne."

Surely those who advocate the advancing of women to power can draw but small comfort or encouragement from the above specimen of a petticoated ruler. The truth is, Anne was a cipher, a negation, a mere puppet moved across a grand stage by men of mighty genius, such as Marlborough and Godolphin. The same may be said of the present honored and virtuous sovereign of Great Britain. God forbid that I should say ought against Victoria as a woman; it is only as a ruler that I have to criticise her. So far as true womanly feeling and demeanor are concerned she has few superiors; and this, not because she is a queen, but in spite of it. The occupancy of a throne has neither puffed her up with vanity nor unsexed her, as is too often the case. She is a woman still, from crown to sole; or, if you choose, she has the crown of a queen but the soul of a woman; a model daughter, wife, mother, and friend is she. If her head is not as strong as the masculine Elizabeth's, her heart at least is true—none can gainsay that; and that, as you have just heard, is far more than can be said of the other. Yet, so far as ruling the realm is concerned, she is the merest nullity, from want of inclination, it may be in part; but even were she ambitious to exercise sway, still her genuine womanliness wholly unfits her for the masculine task. Nor do I

contend that an occasional woman—say one out of many millions—should a chance present to test her powers, might not rule a kingdom in a creditable way; nay, she might even prove such a prodigy as to preserve her moral integrity, and might even for a little while "purge the political air of its foulness." Still so rare an instance would by no means invalidate my position that woman's nature is such that, in the main, she is unfit to govern. Like a dog walking on his hind legs, the question is not can she do it well, but can she do it at all.

Thus have I given in outline the lives and acts of some of the most prominent public women that history has handed down to us; and it is only because time is precious that I refrain from giving many more. It is a melancholy picture, but it is at the same time an instructive one; and if we fail to profit by the useful lesson it offers, the ruin be upon our own heads. I do not say that in all this time there were not noble women in the world. On the contrary, I know there were millions of them, but they aspired not to public honors or conspicuous station as did those cited above. In short, they aspired not to be like men, but far superior to them, by remaining at home and attending to their proper duties. And I must blush for my sex when I admit that in the more ancient times woman was kept in a condition which was but little better than slavery. Still she toiled on through all those ages which it seems to us now must have been to her indeed a bitter period. Yet toiling on through it all she loved her lord, arranged her household, and with maternal fondness reared her children; her sons in such a way as best to prepare them for serving their country, and her daughters for gracing their homes, such as these were; and it is most probable that she was, through all the severe trials of her situation—trials unknown to the women of the present day—content with her lot; for as yet she was ignorant of her true nature and of that nature's real wants. Christianity had not yet come to enlighten her and her lord as to what her lot ought in justice to be, and to prove, even to his own satisfaction, how far superior she was to him in all the nobler attributes that tend to lift humanity above the sordid earth. Christianity alone taught man woman's true nature, and how she should be dealt with for the promotion of his own welfare no less than of hers. Without that boon from above he might have lived on through countless ages and the greatest revolution the world has ever seen, the elevation of woman, would never have entered into his benighted brain. Philosophy could not have led to it, for some of the ancients were the greatest of philosophers, inasmuch that the teachings of the immortal Socrates and of the great Stagirite still influence the philosophical world. The fine arts with all their refining influence could not have done it,

for the painting and sculpture of the ancient Greeks have been not only the models but the despair of the artists of all subsequent ages. Even heaven-born poesy was not equal to the task, for there lived in those days the most sublime bards, over whose pages we still pore with ecstatic delight. None of these agencies then were able to revolutionize the world by rescuing women out of the slough in which the natural brutality of man had kept her through long long ages of darkness. At last Christianity came to her rescue, and to man's as well, and elevated her to the lofty sphere which she now occupies, and must continue to occupy or the world will relapse speedily into its former melancholy state. And in order that she might not be deposed from this sublime pedestal, where she stands the head and front of the only enduring civilization, Christianity, which put her there, enjoined, in language which cannot be mistaken, that she must keep away from the filthy arena of political life, trailing not her celestial garments in its pitch, but give all her attention to those duties that are in harmony with the gentle nature with which her Creator endowed her.

But it may be asked why it is, then, that the women whom I have instanced as living since the Christian era, and themselves professing the religion of the cross, were often so unscrupulous in their conduct? Simply because they became actors on the political stage, some of them by choice and others by untoward circumstances. Such as found themselves in these exalted stations by circumstances, and without any aspirations of their own, provided they took little or no share in the affairs of government, but allowed men to attend to such duties for them—such as those often escaped contamination. But all who entered personally and earnestly into the affairs of the realm as real workers soon fell from their high estate of true womanhood, and like Lucifer from heaven's battlements, great indeed was the fall. Purity, sincerity, and gentleness took wing, and instead adultery, hypocrisy, and murder entered their hearts. And so it must ever be.

Such is the formidable answer which, in the shape of facts, comes down to us through the long roll of the ages. It is as if dead empires spoke from their graves in corruption, to warn us that if we wish to endure as a nation we must hold fast to that blessed boon which we have—but which they had not and crumbled—woman as Christianity makes her. But conclusive as are these lessons of history, not with history alone shall I rest the proof of my position, that women are not fitted for public life; reason shall confirm these historical teachings. First, I will assume what I have no doubt all will accede, that the two sexes differ as widely from each other in their intellectual and moral as in their physical nature. Physic-

ally, man is stronger and capable of enduring more labor and fatigue; woman is far more easy and graceful and gentle in her movements. So, intellectually, he solves more correctly than she such problems as require breadth and depth of mind; she, more correctly than he, such as require quickness of mental perception. But it is morally that the difference is most glaring; and here woman has greatly the advantage when placed in circumstances favorable for preserving her superiority. She has greater sensibility and a quicker moral perception, amounting to a sort of intuition, which seldom errs in arriving at a conclusion. Hence, it is that she judges much more correctly, not concerning questions of government, philosophy, or science, but of those innumerable little questions of right and wrong which must be constantly coming up for judgment in every well filled household. Moreover, she is more impulsive and emotional, has softer touches in her nature, a wider range of sympathies, and a happier facility of adapting herself to circumstances—qualities which, superadded to a greater acuteness of feeling, make her, in a much higher degree than man, susceptible of both pleasure and pain. Now, these very traits wholly disqualify her for the low intrigues, the angry disputations, and the bitter invective that are unfortunately inseparable from the political wrangles of the present day. Yet are they traits which must constitute the very soul and essence of a happy home so long as they shall last; and I hope they may last forever, for when their cheering light is quenched in our American homes, these will be left desolate indeed.

"Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain."

But the advocates of woman suffrage say that woman will go forth from her home panoplied in purity, and after correcting the political evils of the day will bring back with her all the domestic virtues unsullied. A most preposterous proposition, carrying absurdity on its face, even if history did not give it, as already shown, a thousand times the lie direct. The "pestilence that walketh in darkness" is not dispelled by mild showers of chaste Diana's beams. It requires the electric fire from heaven, with all its terrific accompaniments of storm and flood, to purify the air thus tainted. Nor can the political corruptions that defile our fair land—contagious as the pestilence, and far more deadly, for they kill the soul—be exorcised by the enchantment of woman's smile or by the magic of her touch. And, unlike Diana, who beams from a safe distance, and so holds her purity unsoiled, woman, according to the programme as now laid down, will have to mix closely with the impure and the corrupt, and to say that pollution will not follow such contact of the foul with the pure would be midsummer madness.

It might as well be affirmed that Proserpine was not polluted by being carried off to the infernal regions; that not a smirch befouled her snowy robe or her damask cheek during all the long time she abode in that smoky prison-house of dismal horrors.

And, indeed, this fable so well accords with what I have to say, that I will detail it by way of illustration. The fair Proserpine passed her time among the flowery plains and limpid brooks of sunny Sicily. Attended by nymphs and sirens, she often amused herself in gathering flowers, and was far more than content with her lot, just as the lovely women in our own beautiful land gather, every day, the flowers of their happy homes—the fragrant flowers of duty and virtue and goodness. But in an evil hour Pluto came along and bore Proserpine off to the infernal regions. So does the devil threaten to come and carry off our Proserpines to the infernal regions of political contention. This rape was a grievous blow to her mother Ceres, who dearly loved her daughter. She sought her in vain all over Sicily, and when night came she relighted Mount Etna, which had become extinct, and by its glare continued her search throughout the world. So shall disconsolate Virtue in our land grieve for the loss of her daughters; and she, too, shall search in vain to find them as they were. She, too, will relight the great mountain torch of Christianity, which, as I shall presently show, shall by that time be quite extinguished; and it may be that by its light she will be able to find what Ceres found, her daughter's vail (that is, her modesty) torn and rent; and she may also meet with a Hecate, as Ceres did, to tell her the dreadful secret that the devil had her daughter in his keeping. Ceres, who had the earth in her special care, smote it with barrenness and desolation, so that it should yield no more until her child should be restored to her arms. And just so, as long as our women shall remain groping in the tainted atmosphere of politics and un-restored to weeping virtue, the delicious fruits of domestic peace and happiness will be denied us; the homes of America will, indeed, be as barren places, and so must remain, for there will be no redemption; that of the cross will have failed, and there is no other. As the great Maro sang:

"Facilis descensus Averni;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hocopus, hic labor est;"

which freely translated, means, "It is easy enough to go down into hell; but to get back—there's the rub!"

Some hopeful opponents of this movement affect to think that even after women are enfranchised to the full extent, but few of them will exercise the right of voting and electioneering, and that those few will grow ashamed of the false position; that having gained their

point—the right to do as men—they will of their own accord cease to exercise the right, and gradually fall once more into the time-honored groove of home pursuits. Never was there a greater delusion. They will do no such thing; on the contrary, the virtuous and right-minded women who now look upon this movement with loathing, even these will, I am bold to say, be drawn into the fatal whirlpool. And the whole thing will be affected in this wise: in the first place, all those women who are already unsexed by running all over the country, to the sad neglect of their families, in advocacy of woman's rights, lecturing and speaking from pulpits and rostrums and wrangling in conventions, all such will of course not only march up to the polls unabashed, but will enter also, with brazen front, into the full spirit of the canvass. In all its intrigues, its trickery, its corruptions, they will be in their element, and will show themselves to be such adepts that the oldest and most experienced trickster of the opposite sex will find himself far outdone at his own game. But with the many thousands who, although tacitly approving the movement, have stayed quietly at home pursuing the old routine, and have lent no hand to the new work, with these it will be different. They will fight shy at first; they will have nothing at all to do with the campaign, and even when they move up to the front on election day to deposit their ballots their cheeks will tingle with very shame for their departing virtue; but that blush will be their last, just as surely so as is the blush with which the once pure maiden, after long temptation, falls into the libertine's arms; modesty will be gone forever.

But there is still a class of women who are as much more worthy as they are now more numerous than the other two classes, and who will make a noble struggle against the ruinous innovation; such a struggle as shall deserve a better fate than failure; yet fail it will in spite of all that can be done. For this scheme is as cunningly devised, from beginning to end, as if the grand adversary himself had done it all; and if he ever does work on earth through human agents, I have little doubt he has concocted this plan himself; for never since the world was peopled was there a plan that would so greatly advance his interests.

A considerable time will elapse after the enfranchisement of women before this third class will condescend to take the least part in political matters; and meanwhile their husbands, appreciating fully their motive for refraining, will applaud their conduct and double the love they already bear them. But, although these husbands will grow more and more indignant and embittered against the accomplished revolution the more they see of its lamentable effects, yet will a time come when there will be but one thing remaining to be done to save the country; no, not to save

it, but to prolong for a little while its wretched existence. That one thing will be that these women who have so long kept away from the pollution of the hustings shall march up at last and deposit their votes, and counteract the pernicious effects produced by the votes of a million women, who by this time, wholly unchristianized themselves, will be doing all they can to unchristianize the entire people. And when this noble class are once forced from the cradle and hearth into publicity and kept there, their career from that time forth must inevitably be down, down. These descending steps are as easy to imagine from what has gone before, as they would be sad to trace. The poet has graphically and truly depicted such a ruinous career:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

When a woman, I care not how virtuous, how intelligent, how accomplished—nay, I care not how true a Christian—shall once have fairly entered upon that publicity of contact with the other sex that must inevitably bereave her of those virtues which are now her scepter, and of that modesty which is her crowning glory—that moment she sets her foot on a downward train. With all the social breaks let up, she sweeps down the inclined plane of that broad-gauge road whose mid-station is infidelity, and whose terminus is perdition.

It is impossible to read the vile talk of the present advocates of women suffrage in their conventions, or to peruse the vile writing in any one of their numerous ably conducted journals, and not conclude—and that without the least hesitation—that the constant tendency of their teachings is to undermine Christianity. The *Women's Journal* says that the Young Women's Christian Association of Massachusetts are the right wing of the woman suffrage army. When Wendell Phillips wound up one of his peace-making speeches with the gentle expression, "God damn the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" because that State for once would not chime in with some of his lovely schemes, that well-known woman's rights advocate, Lydia M. Child, clapped him so vehemently that she broke her wedding ring. And Mrs. Stanton, who relates the delicate incident, in *The Revolution*, says that such an oath is not one iota more objectionable than to say, "By George!" and that even her own sweet and gentle nature is often so deeply stirred by the wrongs of her sex that to think "damn it!" is no unusual thing with her.

Hear also the language of yet another of their leading organs, and while you tremble for your country and for Christianity, shudder at the shocking sentiment: "When all the women are Victoria Woodhulls, and all the

men Theodore Tiltons, then, and not till then, will the millennium have arrived." Why, if we knew nothing of the precedents of this precious pair, the single fact that the she-male's biography of the he-female was lately suppressed in Germany for its unendurable nastiness should be enough to damn them both with all decent people. That biography was such a mass of moral putrefaction, from cover to cover, that it was feared it might contaminate the whole German empire. And this same Victoria Woodhull is the woman's candidate for the Presidency of the United States! If that shot from Germany did not penetrate her through and through, she ought henceforth to be called Ironhull.

Of course this fell design of subverting Christianity is as yet kept secret, the time not having quite arrived for acting openly; nay, they even pretend to be themselves followers of the Cross. Many of the articles in their journals are made up of passages of Scripture sandwiched between bare-faced blasphemy and burning lust. Though the devil can at any time "quote Scripture for his purpose," it fortunately requires no very keen insight to detect his horns and hoofs, if, while he quotes, we will but use the eyes which the good God has given us emphatically for this purpose.

That pet scheme of the devil for wrecking Christianity—"free love"—which is so strenuously advocated by these indefatigable women, is no new thing in the world, though for three thousand years it has been called by a less euphemistic name. The queen of Sheba proved herself a "free-lover" when she made a long journey with an immense train to visit Solomon that she might have by him a son worthy to inherit her throne. Thalestris, queen of the Amazons, who traveled some thousand miles to transact a similar business with Alexander the Great, likewise belonged to that delectable sisterhood. In fact, those ancient Amazons were in many respects the counterparts of our modern "free lovers." In the first place, they had a very scant way of dressing, both above and below the waist. (I must, however, own with shame that the scantiness of the upper part would answer quite well for a description of a fashionable belle's dress at the present day, or rather her want of dress, for she seems to think it better to be a little more naked than her neighbor than a little less fashionable.) The lower portion was displayed in a very exaggerated "bloomer"—"displayed" conveying the exact meaning. The ancient Amazons were in some respects a little in advance of their modern sisters, though from present indications it is doubtful whether the latter will long remain behind. For instance, they lived entirely apart from men except at certain seasons; that is, they lived in a separate kingdom. This may have been from choice,

though the greater probability is, the men having become disgusted by their "free love" tendencies and practices, and not being able to endure the untold torments of a life among them, moved quite out of the way. But at certain seasons those gentle creatures, those cruelly deserted, marched forth on the hunt of the men in response to the promptings of "free love," and when this was satisfied marched back to their country. The Amazon nation, from the very nature of things, was not long-lived, but the fragments thereof dispersed to various parts of the earth, and as they doubtless retained their old habits, for such habits as theirs hang on to the blood long and hard, their cardinal doctrine of free love has never died out on the earth. They dispersed like the Jews to all climes and countries.

The dissolution of the marriage relations at the pleasure or caprice of either party is openly advocated by these revolutionists, and this alone would wipe out the Christian religion from the face of the earth. Just such looseness of the marriage tie did more to destroy Rome than all the Goths and Huns that ever swooped down upon her with fire and sword. As soon as marriage was legalized as a simple civil contract of cohabitation merely, its duration solely dependent on continued mutual consent, the whole city became as one vast brothel—a state of things which rapidly extended to the surrounding provinces, and, as must always be the case with those living in a state of virtual concubinage, comparatively few children were born, and of these few but a small proportion were suffered to survive. The consequence was, Rome could not replenish her armies from her own citizens, but was under the necessity of employing barbarians to guard the public interests. But these barbarians guarded them no longer than the time required to get the power into their own hands, when they helped themselves to all that was left of mighty Rome.

This laxity of the marriage bond is a necessary result of the woman's rights movement, and would soon evolve itself out of that movement without any special advocacy of it in the revolutionary journals and speeches. For what man would bind himself to dwell for life beneath the same roof with a masculine woman?

But perhaps the most melancholy effect of such a state of things is yet to be told. The children—Heaven pity the children when "free love" shall hold high carnival over this land!—boys and girls alike, will then have no kind hand to guide them. The father will care not for them, for he cannot know which are his, and which are some other man's. The mother will be mostly from home, hot on the hunt of a new paramour, or at the hustings, drinking, swearing, and brawling, for all her time will then be divided between lust and politics. The children will give full head to their in-

stincts and do whatever sin they please, whatever their natural depravity, let loose and spurred on by passion, shall prompt them. The family will have become, in fact, a family of mere animals. They will be traveling the back track of Mr. Darwin's famous theory. It may be a long time before the monkey will be reached, but the bias will be unmistakably in that direction; and the very best we can hope is that the present respectable and progressive race of monkeys may not be ashamed to own them as kin; for there will be so much of the fiend and fury blended with the brute in their nature that even a brute may be disgusted.

Ay, the family then will be gone. That institution which is the foundation of society and of the State—the only foundation on which either can ever rest secure—will be uprooted, and the whole social and political superstructure must fall in hideous ruin. The family is to civilization and Christianity what the Coliseum, according to the old prediction, was to Rome:

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world."

These deluded women are exceedingly fond of quoting Plato's "Commonwealth" to prove their position. Well, Plato was a great and good man, a philosopher of such richness and depth of wisdom that his teachings, pagan though he was, still have a vast influence in the world of Christian philosophy, and probably will have to the remotest ages. And while I am by no means willing to adopt him as an infallible guide, I am always ready to hear what he has to say, provided his expressions be not garbled. Rollin, in a synopsis of the sage's opinions on the point in question, says:

"Plato maintains in his 'Commonwealth' that women as well as men ought to be admitted into the management of public affairs, the conducting of armies, and the government of States, and by necessary consequence ought to be trained up in the same exercises as men, as well for the forming of the body as the mind. Nor does he so much as except those exercises wherein it was customary to fight stark naked, alleging that the virtue of the sex would be a sufficient covering for them."

Now, although this sounds like irony, especially the last dozen words, and more especially coming as it does from the man who originated and maintained the double-refined idea of "Platonic love," I am yet perfectly willing to accept it, not in part, however, but in its entirety, most firmly believing that if the women can stand it the men can. I will not begrudge to any woman who will comply with these conditions throughout all the political rights and privileges of my own sex, provided all the women who are not ready to accept the old Greek's terms will consent to keep aloof from politics and continue in their present relations with us. And I will accept it for this reason: that while the slight sprinkling of female warriors, demagogues, and gymnasts

that would be thus thrown amongst the sterner sex, so called, could do but little harm to the latter, the elimination of such a boisterous element from among our true women at home would be a happy riddance, "a consummation most devoutly to be wished." Let Plato's notions, then, about women, be accepted by them as a test for admission to the full rights of citizenship, and I, for one, will give it my sanction and favor its insertion in the Constitution. Then shall every such woman be at liberty to contend in the lists with athletes and boxers, clothed after whatsoever fashion she pleases. If she prefers to enter there, as her dear Plato advises, *in puris naturalibus*, by all means let her do so. The men will, without doubt, be frightened beyond the ropes in the first few trials, but they will soon get sufficiently hardened to the appalling sight to come up to the scratch, not "like a man," but like a woman. Let her train for the prize-ring, and immortalize herself by exchanging handcuffs with Mike McCoolle for the championship of America. (One of their noble sisters has already challenged Weston to a pedestrian trial, at a thousand dollars a side.) Let her array herself in martial guise, and go forth to the bloody field conquering and to conquer. Let us have modern Semiramises and Zenobias. Let her, if she so elect, imitate that Amazon queen Penthesilea, who, with more valor than discretion, essayed to cope in mortal strife with the terrible Achilles under the walls of Troy, and paid the forfeit of her life.

But these women have no notion of going to war. Not they! If they are explicit on any point, they are on that. There, at least, they do not wish to be misunderstood. They say over and over again that the good Lord has in his infinite wisdom (and mercy they might well add) so constituted them that they are wholly unfit for the hardships and perils of horrid war. Oh, no, not that; anything but that. They will send forth (and will do it cheerfully) their fathers and husbands and sons, when danger threatens the dear country, but themselves will stay at home and vote, and manage the entire governmental machinery. And here would, indeed, be presented an anomaly in government. Not only would those who had charge of the affairs of the nation be wholly unrepresented in the army sent forth to defend that nation, but it would likewise be to the eternal interest of those governing, since they would have no dangers to encounter, to bring on a war whenever they wished to get into power; and, worse still, it would be to their interest to keep that war up until enough men were killed to enable them to carry all the elections, and so continue in power.

As for any scruples such women might be supposed to have about acting in this atrocious manner, I hope I have already conclusively

shown that whenever she shall have fairly entered the field of politics such scruples would be given to the winds whenever the alternative should present of a choice between her interests and those of her so-called husband, father, or brother; for under this new *régime* there would virtually be no such relationship; the once precious family ties will then have been dissevered; there will be no husband, but a "free-lover;" no father that could be claimed as such with any certainty, while brother and son would be almost as strangers. Moreover, it is a well-known fact that even now when a nation becomes involved in war the women are the last to give up, although it rends their very heart-strings to lose those dear to them. But under the condition of things of which I have just spoken the nation which should go to war with women swaying the councils and men alone in the field, where would be the end of bloodshed? It would be the Kilkenny cats tragedy acted over again. Now, although I have never heard the sex of those famous cats explicitly and authoritatively stated in any official report of the battle, yet the universal opinion has gone abroad that they were male cats; and it is my firm conviction that they would never have fought that terrible battle—ending, as we all know, in two pitiful tails—had not the female cats been inciting them on.

There is an instance in our own history to which these women often point with a triumphant air as a precedent for extending suffrage to their sex. This I will accept as a fact quite as willingly as I do Plato's plan for enlarging woman's sphere, and on the same terms; that is, provided none of the circumstances or surroundings of the case be suppressed, and provided also we may be allowed to profit by the unmistakable lesson which is taught by the final result. The instance to which I allude is the extension of suffrage to the women in New Jersey in the year 1790. This privilege remained with them from that time until 1807. The newly enfranchised, however, voted on but three occasions during that period. How many on the first two of these occasions availed themselves of the hitherto masculine prerogative does not, so far as I can learn, appear outside the unpublished records. The last occasion, however, was too memorable a one not to be transmitted to us in all its novel particulars; and it is as instructive as memorable. In the last-named year a vote of the people of Essex county was taken on the question of erecting a new court-house and jail. Whether or not all the women turned out may be judged of by the fact that the female vote cast exceeded alone the whole lawful vote of both sexes in the county. The men, if we may judge by the sequel, were very much alarmed as well as disgusted; for the cowardly and ungracious monsters enacted a bill at the very

next session of the Legislature restricting the right of suffrage forever thereafter to "free white male citizens," and the New Jersey women kept mum on the sore subject of politics henceforth for half a century. While the strong-minded of the present day frequently cite the above instance of the enfranchisement of their sex, with the view of influencing public opinion in their favor, they always fail to add that the right was abrogated by reason of the disgraceful conduct of those on whom it had been conferred.

Now, if women could virtually stuff ballot-boxes in deciding such a trivial question as the building of a jail or court-house, and that, too, right at the beginning of the movement, when it is fairly presumable they were on their best behavior, as every one promoted to a new and untried situation is, or ought to be, the question arises, what infamous practices would they not be capable of when momentous issues were at stake, and when after a little while their modesty should have been entirely and hopelessly deflowered by being jostled throughout long and bitter campaigns, by the hard-fisted "roughs," and the unscrupulous and veteran tricksters whom they must needs encounter at every turn, and from whom they would soon take lessons in the exquisite art of low intrigues and bare-faced bribery?

I have no hope that anything I can say touching the miseries which this proposed innovation would bring upon the country will have any influence whatever with the innovators themselves. And this for the simple reason that I believe that provided they can get a foothold upon the hustings they care not to what condition it may bring the country. Everything else must bend to this one selfish objection which they have so hotly set their hearts. Therefore, but little of what I have said has been spoken with a view to deter them from their course. My words have been addressed to the rational and patriotic, and of these they are not. But although appeals to their reason and their patriotism are vain, it may be that a brief portrayal of their own and their posterity's inevitable sufferings in such a state of things as they propose to bring about may possibly have some effect on their conduct; for I cannot think that these women are yet so far dehumanized as to be utterly indifferent to the miseries of their posterity.

I will grant that even after things shall have been brought to the sad pass which I have endeavored to depict these women, constituted as they are, may feel—at least, so long as their health holds out under the tremendous strain—a sort of brutal pleasure in the revolting pursuits particularized a little while back. I will grant that after their consciences have been seared, and their souls extinguished within them, the unballowed fires of lust that must ever follow in the train of "free love"

may yet burn with a glow somewhat more agreeable than hell-fire. I will grant that the intense excitement of the gambling den, the wrangling contentions of the canvass and the hustings, may lend their minds a sort of wild diversion akin to the joy of fiends; that the low debauch of the groggery, with its storm of blasphemous brawling, and ending in blood, as long as the apparition of snakes and devils can be kept aloof, may be yet a brief madness that is not all misery. But I would warn them that their present career, if not checked, must inevitably entail sufferings and wrongs before which possibly those may quail who shrink not from the other picture. It must lead to a condition identical to that age of human brutishness, somewhere between the fall of man and the first redawning of humanity in his breast, when he was a mere animal, the king of beasts, to be sure, but, like some of his modern counterparts, none the less a beast for all his royalty; when he had his lair in caves, or beneath sheltering boughs, or wandered about the primeval woods and thickets subsisting precariously on such other wild animals as he could ensnare, or on nature's fruits and herbs; when his dress was the fig-leaf, or at most a hairy skin girded about his loins; when marriage was not, nor courtship; when "free love" was in the first flush of its glory, in all its natural simplicity, without any of the modern refinements to trick it off and conceal the rottenness within by giving its exterior a goodly seeming; when man instead of marrying woman waylaid her, chased her, captured her, and kept her just so long as he felt inclined, making her his drudge the while, and most likely, as is too often the practice of the "free-love" men even of the present day, as soon as she became a mother left her with her helpless offspring to shift for herself as best she might, returning to her, it may be, after a season, but only to make her again his drudge and again a mother, and so on throughout her whole long, miserable life. It is a dark picture, but it is what was once and what may be again.

Let deluded woman beware, then, how she comes down from that lofty pedestal which she now occupies, how she casts off the almost celestial garments in which her weakness and her virtue, the only sure guarantees of his love and protection, have clothed her in the eyes of man. Let her beware how she comes down from that proud position, and, standing on the same level with man in all things, challenges him to a contest for supremacy. As a mere animal he is the stronger, and in such a struggle as that she must go to the wall. She can rule him now and do with him even as she will, always with the proviso that she keep within that sphere to which revelation and her own nature assign her. Let her reflect that man when in that primitive state to which her re-

bellion from this sphere will bring them both again becomes not only an animal but a savage animal. Let her contemplate the indescribably wretched condition of the Comanche squaw. She is not a street-sweeper only because the red man, her master, has no streets to sweep; she is not a hod-carrier, because in the wilderness there are no houses to be built. Yet, compared with the drudgery of poor Mrs. Lo, a long life of hod-carrying and street-sweeping would be light indeed. Let our strong-minded ones look at these things even from the narrow stand-point of personal interest, and it is not quite impossible they may pause in their mad career. The woman suffrage journals have lately been very severe, though none too much so, on a Chicago man, very appropriately named Savage, who advertises that he will pay anybody \$200 for the return of his wife who had absconded. But how can they consistently condemn this miserable Savage's advertisement when they themselves are striving with all their might and main to bring about a state of things during which, if there should be any advertisements at all, a man offering a reward for his absconding—wife I was going to say, but I will not profane the hallowed word—for his absconding cohabitor, would add to the above cool, business-like advertisement those dreadful words, applied now only to the most cold-blooded murderers, "alive or dead!"

To some it may seem that I have overdrawn the effect which the woman's rights movement, if successful, will have upon the country. And, indeed, some may even look upon the movement as not of sufficient magnitude to merit serious consideration. I beg leave to dissent from such opinions. I think I have proved that there is at least a probability of the agitation ending in a triumph, and that, too, at a no very distant day, unless far greater efforts are made to stem its torrent than have yet been made. I think I have proved that the necessary result of the agitation, if indeed it be not the end and aim of the agitators, is the overthrow of Christianity and the Bible, both of which militate against their schemes in the most unmistakable terms, and must, therefore, be subverted before they can hope to succeed. Also, that the breaking up of the family must be one of the consequences, for they would make it, instead of the foundation of the State and of society, as it now is, a two-headed monster whose heads will be ever at strife with each other until complete disruption must ensue. I think I have proved by extracts from history that a participation in public affairs almost invariably unsexes a woman; that there was scarcely a public woman of ancient times, queen, princess, or high-born lady, though she usually was, that was not guilty of the most revolting crimes, low intrigue, adultery, the blackest treachery, and the foulest murders, each crime

being instigated by the hope of advancing her influence in the State or her interest with the powers that were; in other words, by political motives; while the same history teems with instances, though want of time prevented their citation, of women in private life who were models of virtue, patriotism, heroic achievement, in brief, of every excellence that becomes a woman in her proper sphere. I think I have proved that nearly all the few women that found their way into public life, even under the blessed auspices of Christianity, before they were done with the cares and turmoils which that life imposed, fell not far behind their pagan sisters in depravity. I think I have proved that if those few, the most favored by fortune and the most richly endowed by nature, fell from their high estate of virtue and nobleness in proportion as they rose in their ambitious soarings and public station, the danger is infinitely greater that if the whole mass of women were now allowed to participate in politics, the result would be disastrous; that while politics would certainly not be purged of its corruptions, as claimed, by such a measure, the true women themselves would at last be persuaded to enter the contentious arena as a sort of forlorn hope to avert a total wreck, where they, too, must be finally unsexed and corrupted; that the shock which the whole social fabric must receive from this blow would crumble it into ruins; that without religion, without families, and without homes, mankind would relapse into barbarism. It would not be done in one year nor in ten, nor possibly in a single century; nevertheless it would be done; and even if it were not accomplished until a thousand years had passed away, why should we, with our eyes wide open to the dark abyss in the distance, take deliberately the first step on the downward road that must lead even our remote posterity into its fearful depths?

Let each true woman of the nation exert herself and avert the impending danger. Nor, in order to do so, need she leave for a single moment her proud throne—for proud it is, though seemingly so humble—beside the hearth-stone, from which, knowingly or not, she rules her little world. And inasmuch as the great world is made up of such little worlds, the true women already rule that great world, and this, too, while they keep politics afar. May it ever be so! But that it may, let them not be idle; let them make known throughout the length and breadth of the land, not only the vast majority of their numbers over the innovators, but let them, in the modest way that they know so well how to do, put forth their sentiments in language so plain that he who runs may read, and particularly the demagogue who "runs" for an office, and is perhaps at this very moment currying favor with the strong-minded sisterhood, telling them

how he will favor them now if they will but do the same for him when they shall have been enfranchised by his aid. Let them write, and scatter abroad in the land, words of such burning eloquence as shall make him—yes, hardened demagogue though he is—tremble in his shoes and think again before he sells his influence to the devil. Let them write such words, too, as shall make the soft-shell wing of the woman suffrage party (those who sympathize with the movement but remain decently at home—there is no penetrable point in the hard-shell portion) blush that they should ever have favored their erring sisters, even in thought. That there are true women among us who can write thus effectively is proved by the following memorial presented about a year ago to the Legislature of Ohio, as an antidote to one of the opposite stamp:

"We acknowledge no inferiority to men. We claim to have no less ability to perform the duties which God has imposed upon us than they have to perform those imposed upon them.

"We believe that God has wisely and well adapted each sex to the proper performance of the duties of each.

"We believe our trusts to be as important and as sacred as any that exist on earth.

"We feel that our present duties fill up the whole

measure of our time and ability, and that they are such as none but ourselves can perform.

"Their importance requires us to protest against all efforts to compel us to assume the obligations which cannot be separated from suffrage, but which cannot be performed by us without the sacrifice of the highest interests of our families and of society.

"It is our fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons, who represent us at the ballot-box. Our fathers and brothers love us. Our husbands are our choice, and one with us. Our sons are what we make them.

"We are content that they represent us in the corn-field, the battle-field, and at the ballot-box; and we represent them in the school-room, at the fireside, and at the cradle, believing our representation even at the ballot-box to be thus more full and impartial than it could possibly be were all women allowed to vote.

"We do, therefore, respectfully protest against any legislation to establish 'woman suffrage' in our land or in any part of it."

So long as our women shall stand upon such a platform as that there is hope for the country. Demagogues may agitate, traitors may plot, usurpers triumph for a little season; corruptions may eat up of much of her substance; but her million homes linked together in the triple bonds of purity, virtue, and a common Christianity, are a million imperishable points whence shall go forth, at all times and in all seasons, an influence that shall preserve the whole social, political, and religious fabric from destruction.





